

VOL. XLIX. No. 1252.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, March 6th, 1901.

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"What fools these mortals be!"

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Puck

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INAUGURAL BALL, MARCH 4th, 1901.—ENGAGED FOR ANOTHER DANCE.



AT THE "OP'RA."

LAST EVENIN' was my fust in town; I strolled about the city, —
Not havin' no good place ter go, which seemed a sort of pity. —
Until I struck a great big crowd that kep' on gittin' greater;
And then, thinks I, "I swan ter man! I'll go ter the theayter!"
The chap that sold the tickets says, "The cheapest seat 's a dollar!"
That shook me some; but when I 'm sot, why, price can't make me hoiler.
But, say! Of all the actin' shows, from "Uncle Tom" clear through 'em,
If that air "Op'ra" ain't the wust, then I don't want ter view 'em!

The hall 't was in was big — good land! — seems if 't would hold the nation;
And, my! the way the folks was dressed, it did beat all creation!
I had on my new Sunday suit that cost me fourteen-fifty,
And, 'fore I see that crowd, I thought that I looked pretty nifty,
And figgered that some style was showed where-my pink sarin tie was, —
But almost every feller there was dressed as good as I was,
And some was even better! Yes! And, say! the women's showin'! —
I don't see where they git the time ter do sech loads of sewin'.

And, oh! That show! That "Op'ra" show! 'T was in some foreign lingo,
And every word, from fust ter last, was sung, not spoke, by jingo!
I never seen sech foolishness! Why, would n't it make you sick
If, 'stead of sayin', "Pass the pie," I lawled it out ter music?
And, oh! sech singin'! Loud and high; yer 'd think 't would crack the ceilin'.
And when the women took their turns 't was jest like pigs a-squealin';
And yet, the one that screamed the wust — I know, because I saw it
Next mornin' in the paper — got a thousand dollars fer it.

All right! I ain't complainin' none; jest let her git it, let her!
But I 've heard songs in our town hall that suited me lots better.
I 've heard a *Little Eva* sing — but what 's the use of talkin'?
It's style, not tunes, them people want, so let 'em have their squawkin'.
But when I 'm home I 'm goin' ter sing some "Op'ra" ter Maria;
And if the neighbors all run in, thinkin' the house 's afire,
I'll say to 'em: "What ails you folks? Them ain't no common hollers;
That 's 'Op'ra.' See? That 's high-toned song! That 's wuth a thousand dollars!"

Joe Lincoln.



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AN ASSURANCE.

THE AMATEUR. — You remember Bigstar in that passage?
Of course, I don't want to imitate him too closely —
FRIEND. — Oh! you 're not a bit like him, old man!

AN ANSWER.

A correspondent wants to know whether Aguinaldo is dead or alive. Since we received the communication the General in question has been dead twice and alive three times. As we go to press, he is dead.

CRITICISM.

FIRST LEGISLATOR. — What do you think of the bill?

SECOND LEGISLATOR. — Why, it is n't drawn loosely enough! It will be very hard to get around that law if it 's passed.

CONSOLING HIM.

POLICE CAPTAIN. — Aw! Same old story! You was held up and robbed on a prominent corner, and there was n't a policeman in sight anywhere?

BATTERED CITIZEN. — Yes; that 's the way it was. And after they had robbed me the thugs beat me almost to insensibility, and —

POLICE CAPTAIN. — Well, this is a damn poor time to be makin' yer holler! If youse guys would notify the police when and where you was goin' to be held up we 'd have an officer on the spot within twenty minutes to pick up some clues.

HIS SUGGESTION.

FARMER HORNBEAK. — I believe I could have selected a better name than *The Commoner* for William Jennin's Bryan's new paper.

FARMER STACKPOLE. — H'm! What would be your idee of a title for it, Ezry?

FARMER HORNBEAK. — Wa-al, I guess *The Epitaph* would have been about the proper thing.

DIVISION OF LABOR.

"Editor Harmsworth claims that everybody, nowadays, is in a hurry."

"Oh, no! Only half the people hurry; — and they have to, because the other half won't."

A CONTINUOUS LEARNER.

MAY (at the rink). — Just look at how that Helen Hugergerly hangs onto Jack Glyder! Why, she learned to skate ten years ago.

HARRY. — She evidently believes one is never too old to learn.

AMERICANS are now in a position to hold up their heads with anybody; partly by reason of recent assertions of national selfhood, and partly by reason of the going styles in neck linen.



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PUCKOGRAPHS. — XCIII.

A STORY-TELLER WHO DOES N'T BELIEVE IN STORY-TELLING.



A SUBJECT FOR SPECULATION.

"Why, they've been engaged three months and have n't had a quarrel!"
 "Dear me! I wonder whose fault it is?"

EMBARRAS DE CHOIX.

FEBRUARY 28.

MARCH, sitting alone in her chamber,
 By the fire, in her cosiest chair,
 Thought: "To-morrow's the day of my debut,
 And I really don't know what to wear."

"I do so want to make an impression,
 And all prejudice conquer with tact,
 So that's why my costume's important,
 For, you know, as I dress I must act."

"Shall I go as a boisterous hoiden,
 In my robe of the lion so bold,
 With a Boreas fife obligato
 And a manner that's breezy though cold?"

"Or shall I appear with a simper,
 In a modest yet modish wool frock,
 With a motif of lamb, *tout ensemble*,
 And a breath of the Spring that won't shock?"

"T is hard to decide such a question;
 I fear much my choice I shall rue,
 For old Mrs. Grundy will gossip
 About me whatever I do."

"Was e'er maid in such a dilemma?
 I'm quite on the verge of despair,
 For to-morrow's the day of my debut,
 And I really don't know what to wear!"

Wood Levette Wilson.

A RARA AVIS.

"For, look you, my friend Van Tank hath a treasure of a wife!"
 "Sayest thou so?"

"In truth, he has! For, when he
 goeth out with a friend and getteth a
 jag, she blameth it all on the friend!"

HER CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

HE.—Oh! You can't believe half
 what you hear.

SHE.—But supposing someone else
 hears it, too?

HE KNEW.

TEACHER.—If you are polite and kind
 to your young comrades what will be the
 result?

BULLY JONES.—They'll know they
 can lick you.



HIS TROUBLE.

FIRST RABBIT.—My friend Longear is trying to
 think out a method by which we can overcome our
 natural timidity.

SECOND RABBIT.—Indeed! What success
 has he had?

FIRST RABBIT.—Not very much. You see,
 just when he begins to meditate he's apt to
 hear some noise and it gets him rattled.

LIMITATIONS.

FIRST CAVALIER.—The king can do no
 wrong!

SECOND CAVALIER.—Ah, yes! And
 what a wearisome life a king's must be, to be
 sure!

[T is always hard to make Incompetence be-
 lieve that it has been fairly treated.





THE THEATRICAL TRUNK.



"I HAVE often thought," said the janitor of the village theatre, caressing his chin-whiskers philosophically, "that the average actor's best, and often only, friend is his trunk. It provides him with food, drink and transportation; fixes his standing in the estimation of the public, and is an ever-present consolation in times of trouble."

"When the aggregation arrives in town the chief business-minder of the community is on hand, yawningly leanin' against the depot, and if the trunk is sufficiently impressive, and accompanied by a satisfactory number of others, he decides that the show is all right, and by oratin' his opinion around town convinces the average citizen and packs the Opey House that night."

"If an actor fails to connect with his salary his landlord will accept his trunk in lieu of his board-bill, and permit him to transmigrate to the next town, where Fortune may be more lenient toward his endeavors to please, as it were. Or, perhaps, the versatile thespian may fasten the trunk to the floor of his room with the aid of a screwdriver, and when the inquisitive chambermaid finds herself unable to lift it she will report to the landlord that it is jam-full of contents, the while its owner may have airily walked out of the hotel a spell before, clad in nine suits of clothes with all their pockets stuffed with wigs, daggers,

pizoned-cups, and other theatrical necessities. Or, on the other hand, if the unfortunate actors can't disgorge the price of their railroad tickets the station-agent will lock their trunks up in the baggage-room and on the strength of 'em transfer the company to their destination, where they will use their best efforts to induce the opy house manager to dig up enough to bring the trunks on and enable 'em to give a performance. Besides all that, a trunk is an awful good thing for a feller to put his dunnage in."

"The average landlord may not know any too much about actin', but he can size up a theatrical trunk clear down to the narrow-

ness of a gnat's heel. There 's Hungerford, for example — he 's the landlord of the Occidental Hotel, here, and has got a soul like one of these 'ere little emery-wheels, and no appreciation whatever for Art; actually, he would n't know Sara Bernhardt or Richard Mansfield from a couple of ant-eaters, if he was to meet 'em in the middle of the turnpike at high noon; but, I-golly! he knows trunks like the innocent schoolboy knows how the water comes down at Lodore in the Third Reader. He 's got a yearnin' for trunks that pretty near amounts to a mania or a disease. Collectin' theatrical trunks is his fad, the same as accumulatin' forrin postage-stamps or old itchin's or children or dogs is with some people; and it has grown on him till he 's almost got so that he 'd rather have a trunk than the money. When an advance agent comes along he never inquires how many people there are in the company, but how many trunks. There was a time when he was sort of reluctant to take a trunk, but he dallied with the tempter till bime-bye it got the best of him and his yearn became a cravin' that it 'peared like nothin' would satisfy but more trunks; and at last he became a habitual trunk-sot and had to have his trunks regular or he did n't feel well. That is just the way with most of our bad habits; for a spell they are pleasant and allurin', but presently they overmaster us and make us their slave — huggin' the chains that bind us, so to express it."

"Well, Hungerford — just to show you — he went down to the depot one Sunday afternoon when an aggregation came in, and when the trunks, which happened to be considerable good-lookin' ones, were tumbled out of the baggage-car, he spread his hands out over 'em, sort of like in benediction, and said, in a tone expressive of very pleasant anticipation, to a friend that stood by:

"'Mine! All mine — next Saturday night!"

The manager of the show was standin' near and overheard his gloat, and indignantly replied that he 'd be everlastin'ly blankity-blanked if them trunks were or ever would be the property of such a Shylock. Said, b'thunder, he 'd give 'em to the landlord of the other hotel first; and, by the way, he did. Well, and Hungerford — he 's the man that made me pay for a lot of sheets that a gang of Ten-Twenty-and-Thirty-cents-admission actors got me to borrow for 'em to use as Roman togys and tore 'em all to pieces durin' the evenin's entertainment; and, confound him! they were so venerable and tender, them infernal sheets were, that anybody wearin' 'em, if he sneezed three times in succession, would have rent 'em to shreds — but I had to pay for 'em, all the same; and I'll never forget him for it, either!"



THE PROPER THING.

MISTRESS.—I hope I did n't disturb you and your lover when I went into the kitchen last night!

COOK.—Not at all, Mum! Oi told him you was my chappyrone!

"Well, as I was sayin' about Hungerford — one time an advance-agent asked him what the prospect was for a prosperous week's business for his company; and, in spite of the fact that there was a big hole through his sign-board out in front, made by a woodpecker which had worked steadily at the job for three days without there bein' enough people on the street at any time durin' the whole operation to interrupt him once; times were so hard and everything so dull then — that was just after the trusted and Y. M. C. A.-ified cashier of the bank had skinned out with everybody's money. But what I am tryin' to get at is that Hungerford told the advance-agent that the company was dead-sure to do a packed business here all the week, for this was the liveliest town anywhere in this section of the State, and the only strong attraction we'd had in two months was the goat show.

"Naturally, the agent licked his chops with satisfaction, and asked what company it was that had had the best patronage durin' the season. Hungerford twisted around in his chair and said he could n't exactly remember which one it was; then his boy, Luther, came in, and he asked him what name was on the end of that biggest trunk upstairs. Of course, the agent decided not to play the town, and so Hungerford lost another lot of good

trunks by his greediness. The

disappointment threw him

into a fit of sickness, durin' which he had delirious spells, when he would lie there pickin' at the coverlid and babblin' about trunks till he turned real blue around the mouth. And I did n't care a snap! I believe in turnin' the left cheek when the right one is smit, all right enough, but it's another matter when you are hit in the pocket-book — I had n't but one pocket-book. Them sheets was n't worth half what he made me pay for 'em!

"But, as I started in to remark, it 'pears to me that the average actor's trunk is as helpful to him as an

elephant's is to him; and when he loses it he is just about as bad off as the elephant would be if he found himself amputated from his'n."

Tom P. Morgan.

TWO IN ONE.

When it became understood that the train was being held up by this one man, alone, the florid passenger ventured upon a bit of good-natured raillery.

"Presumably," he observed, addressing the robber, "you are the conventional tall man and short man in one person?"

"Oh, dear, yes!" replied the desperado, with charming bonhomie. "I am tall, as you see, and if I were not extremely short, I assure you I should not feel constrained, as I do, to trouble you for the watch and chain you just now secreted in your boot! Ah! Thank you!"

And thus, amid gales of merriment, the function proceeded.

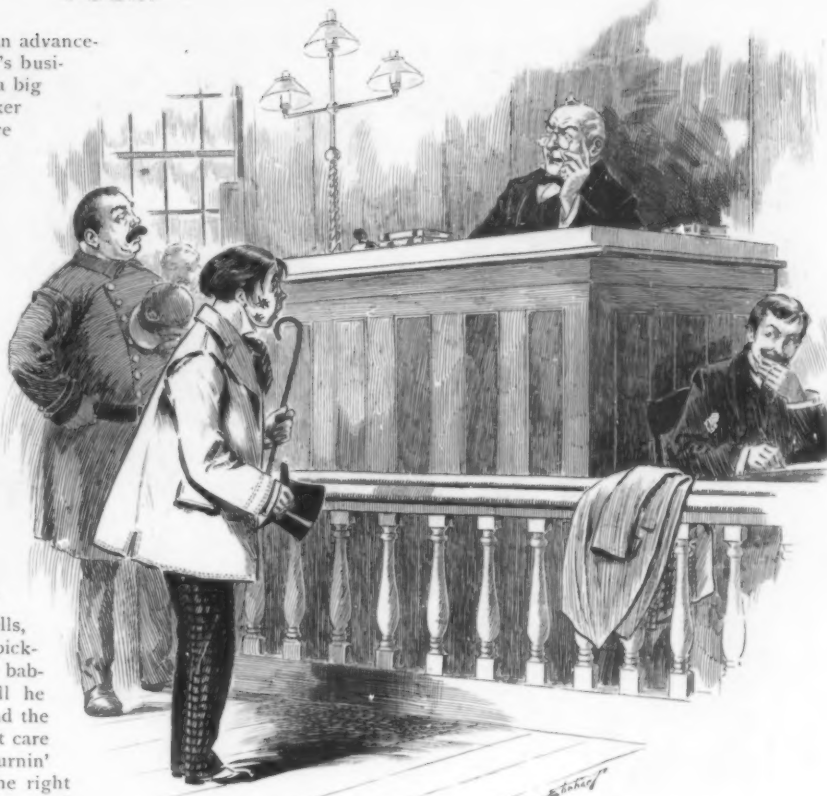
CUPID'S ENEMY.

"Pa would n't let me marry Mr. Snupkins because he smoked such cheap cigars."

"Well, he can't make that an objection to me."

"He says you smoke too expensive ones."

YOU WILL reap what you sow rather than what you think you are buying at the seed counter of the department store.



SUICIDAL.

JUDGE.—You are charged with intoxication and attempted suicide. State the facts, officer!

OFFICER.—Why, yer Honor, th' jude was drunk and singing "God Save th' King" in Hell's Kitchen.

HE MADE GOOD.

HUSKINBY.—My son Rube took lessons from a feller who guaranteed to teach hypnertism by mail.

HOKORN.—An' did he do it?

HUSKINBY.—I guess he did; — he hypnertized Rube out of seventeen dollars and fifty cents before he come to his senses!

COMMERCIALISM.

The Colonel of the old school deplored the spirit of commercialism which had taken possession of the younger generation.

"Why, just the other day," exclaimed he, "two of our young colonels met and exchanged seventeen shots, and, actually, not one innocent bystander was killed, and only two were wounded to amount to anything!"

This in Kentucky dialect, of course, with ten or a dozen "suh's" scattered through.

ALL EATEN.

TEACHER (*inculcating the "try-try-again" maxim*). — If the Arctic explorers keep trying, year after year, to discover the North Pole, what will eventually happen? Well, Johnny?

JOHNNY UPTONOW. — The Eskimo dog will become extinct.

[N CONSIDERING possible emergencies we nearly always fail to think of the one that actually occurs.



WOULD NOT PROMISE.

THE MONKEY.—But surely you would n't eat a monkey!

THE TIGER.—You don't know me. I'm frightfully carnivorous when I'm hungry!



HOW IT LOOKED.

SENIOR PARTNER.—Did you offer dot pookkeeper a week's vacation?
JUNIOR PARTNER.—I did—undt he vas tickled to death!
SENIOR PARTNER.—Vell, den, he vas probably honest undt ve von't need to give it to him!

FROM THE RECORDING
ANGEL'S LEDGER.

(Names of transgressors prudently withheld. We don't have to look for trouble.)

VETERAN ACTRESS.—I'm just thirty-nine.
SUMMER GIRL.—You're the only man I was ever engaged to.
PUGILIST.—I never fought a battle yet but what was on the square. That's straight, now!
ALL BEACON HILL.—Our family came over in the *Mayflower*.
PARENT.—It hurts me a great deal worse than it does you.
DEALER.—Only five years old; trots in harness; paces or lopes under saddle; record under 2:25; no bad habits; does n't mind fire-crackers;

THE WITNESS WHO BUILT WELL, BUT WHO HAD NO MORE SAND
THAN OTHERS.



I.
MR. BOWERS.—Yes, Mary, it is a subpoena for me to appear in court to-morrow as a witness in that accident case. This is my first experience, but I am going to show these pettifogging lawyers what a man of brains can do who takes trouble to prepare himself with facts and figures.



II.
"Yes; I know it is two o'clock, but I have to finish getting all these facts. I tell you, when these fellows tackle me to-morrow they will find they are barking up the wrong tree. I wish you could be down there to hear me!"



III.
COUNSEL (as Mr. Bowers finishes his direct testimony).—That will do, Mr. Bowers. Cross-examine.
MR. BOWERS (aside).—That was as easy as falling off a log. I knew I would startle them. Now, just watch me do this weakling.



IV.
OPPOSING COUNSEL.—Now, Mr. Bowers, you say you saw this accident with your own eyes. How are your eyes?
MR. BOWERS.—Very good, sir! Very good!



V.
OPPOSING COUNSEL.—Never had anything the matter with them, never had them treated, never wore glasses?
MR. BOWERS.—Oh, yes! I have had them treated, and always use glasses when I read, but—



VI.
OPPOSING COUNSEL (loudly).—Never mind your "buts." You said your eyes were very good, and yet you admit that you have had them treated and have to wear glasses. Now, why, if your eyes are very good, did you go to all this trouble and expense?
MR. BOWERS.—Well, you see, it was this way. Before—



VII.
OPPOSING COUNSEL.—Never mind! Don't look at me! Address the jury; you need n't be afraid of frightening them.

gentle as a dove; any woman can drive her; and she's yours for only one hundred and forty dollars.
SPORTING PROMOTER.—Hadi Ben Assad, the Terrible Turk, thrower of Yousoof, will reach New York to-morrow for tour of the country.
CARMINE BRUNETTE.—You horrible thing! Of course, it won't wash off!
YOUNG MOTHER.—She's just as good and sweet and cunning every second of her precious life as she is this very minute, bless her heart!
YES, YOU, SIR.—You're the first girl I ever kissed.
WHOEVER SAID SO.—I never told a lie.
Fred. F. Briggs.

MIGHT BE NEEDED.

THE LIONESS.—It does n't take nine tailors to make a lion, does it?

THE LION.—It would if he had exhausted his credit with eight.



AN UNLUCKY
THROW.

"Invade England!" exclaimed the enthusiastic Frenchman.
"Easiest thing in the world! Why, sir, in twelve

hours we could throw an army of one hundred thousand men into England!"

"Possibly! Possibly!" replied his less enthusiastic countryman. "But what if the English should refuse to throw the army back?"

GOLF.

Of being very good at golf Sweet Polly has the name;—It can not be denied she plays An idiomatic game.

MONEY MAY make the mare go, but the automobile has to be charged.

THE INEVITABLE in South Africa seems to have been postponed on account of circumstances over which it had no control.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"SWEET HOME." A FUTURE SOCIOLOGIST writing of these days will record the appearance in large cities of a curious phase of evolution. Perhaps he will classify it among the mechanical phenomena of the time and name it "machine-made home life." Sufficient data surviving to him, he will declare its causes to have been two: the decay, respectively, of the professions of house-wife and house-servant. While he will find immediately independent causes for each of these phenomena, he will also find that, once induced, they become reciprocal, each operating to perpetuate the other. And then he may trace the two independent causes far enough back to find them merging: which first cause he will not improbably denominate "the enlargement of woman's sphere."

With the awakening of the house-wife to the truth that she was no longer the chattel and appurtenance of the house-husband, but his equal in theory and his superior in fact, there came also an awakening to the house-servant, permitting her to see fresh fields of labor less crowded and better-paying than the single one to which her kind had been limited from the beginning. While the house-wife, flushed with her new-felt freedom, recklessly invaded politics, formed clubs, patronized philanthropy, and invented a myriad of tea-and-macaroon fads, filiping everything from cookery to soul-culture, the class from which domestic servants had been drawn invaded in large numbers the crafts theretofore sacred to man, excelling him in a few of them, enlarging its own ease and prosperity, and enabling those that staid in the old ranks to create a monopoly more atrociously tyrannical than any other of the time.

But this new strength of the house-servant was not solely due to the lessening of her numbers. The outside interests of the house-wife made it impossible for her longer to give her home due supervision, so that servants were not only fewer but more was required of them: greater skill and harder work. The satisfactory house-servant had to be a manager, to plan ahead and to take initiatives. She had, in short, to be herself the house-wife *de facto*. As no mean executive ability is required to conduct a household smoothly, and as the necessary degree of it had become harder to engage at twenty dollars a month, the way in which it grew still harder may be surmised. The house-wife, growing less enamored of such duties as remained to her, put more and more of them upon the servant; and the servant, under this process, naturally became

less and less satisfactory; — the competent ones harder to secure, the incompetent quicker to provoke despair. Action and reaction are equal. Given the first impulse, the poor house-wife and the poor servant have degenerated each other as unerringly as two mirrors, squarely face to face, reflect each the other to infinity.

In this situation our historian will discover the genesis of what he may be pleased to term the machine-made home. An unvarying succession of ignorant, impertinent, slovenly incompetents has pushed the house-wife-by-courtesy to the verge of madness. She returns home at 6 P. M., from her meeting of the Domestic Science Club to find that the cook who came yesterday decided to leave to-day at 4:30 P. M. She comes in from the Mother's Meeting to find that Willy has shampooed little angel sister's golden hair with a bottle of Holdem's liquid glue, — the large size. Back from the Swami's eloquent proving that All is Maya—Illusion — she finds a civilized husband acting like an olden cave-man for that the newest cook has tried to find out just how much old Scotch she could really drink when there was a plenty of it—tried and succeeded beyond cavil. Foreseeing time to be composed of these days of trouble, with her sickened heart divining that, on one more dread than all the others, Fate may even make her miss a dog-show at the Waldorf, or a Bagbag morning in the Astor gallery, or a tea-saturnalia in the Turkish room, she surrenders. The family physician says the burden of keeping house with such wretched servants has worn her out. And so they all move into one of those machine-made homes—yclept "the family hotel."

Here is true comfort. No more maddening suspense as to whether there will be dinner or not. Every service of a home is quietly and skillfully performed. A ring at the bell brings logs for the open fire. Another brings breakfast, lunch or dinner; and of the viands, those things that ought to be done are not left undone, and those that ought to be undone are not burned to a crisp. The steam-heaters are never reluctant. The elevators are swift and noiseless. Nowhere is there the least friction. Quiet and effective precision is the key-note. If there is wrangling with servants the landlord attends to it in the basement.

And is it a real home life? As near to it as a chromo is to art, or a music-box to music. Does it satisfy? Like artificial flowers would satisfy one knowing no others. For many it is the lesser of two evils, but there is no warmth nor savor to it. That variety of truly domestic interests and concerns, the little forbearances and mutual adjustments, even the little annoyances which are salutary, in moderation, helping to keep us mellow when we share them, these are not in the life for the very reason of its mechanical perfection. The home is no longer hand-made, and one is like another. That part of the individuality which is exercised in home-making — the most valuable part of us — becomes stunted and finally disappears. And as for children — it is said that a line of tenement dwellers dies out in the third generation. Probably it will be found that these others die out in the second. Children are unwelcome in such a life. Babies are messy and noisy and injurious to furniture; and older children are quite as impossible as Shetland ponies would be. This, however, is a redeeming feature of the life. None but inhuman parents would bequeath to children, who have a right to beautiful child-memories, a barren vista of family hotel, in which "children must not play in the halls" and may not play anywhere else. And of this tribe of liveries by machinery, the historian will possibly remark, in conclusion: "They cherished the sad conceit that they were living real life; whereas they never touched it."



VIII.

OPPOSING COUNSEL (*fiercely*). — First you tell us that your eyes are very good, and now you say they gave you trouble. The fact is they are n't very good, are they? They are *not* very good, are they?
MR. BOWERS. — N-No, sir!



IX.

OPPOSING COUNSEL. — In fact, they are what might be called poor or bad.
MR. BOWERS. — Y-e-s, s-i-r!



X.

OPPOSING COUNSEL (*loftily*). — That is all. Gentlemen of the jury I don't consider it worth while to question this witness further. First he swears his eyes are *good*, then he swears his eyes are *poor* or *bad*. Now, I will leave it to you whether you consider his previous testimony worth taking into consideration.



XI.

MR. BOWERS (*after reaching the nearest café*). — Waiter, bring me two drinks of brandy, a quart of nerve tonic, and ring for a carriage to take me home. Ye Gods! He never once asked me about the case.



I.
She receives the summons to the land of the free.



II.
She is met by members of the family who preceded her, and who acquaint her with her golden opportunities.



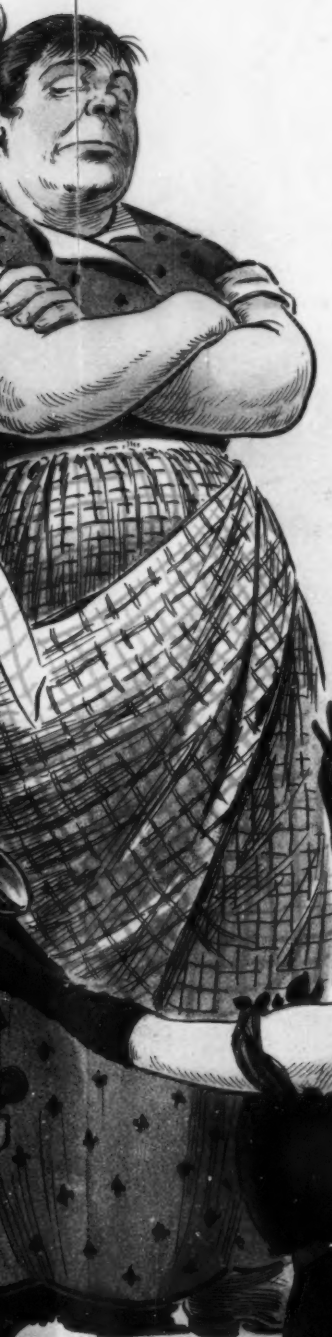
III.
She soon learns to select her employers with haughty discrimination.



IV.
She no longer goes bare-footed, as at home, but dresses well, and is driven to church every Sunday—



VI.
Notwithstanding all of which, this represents her attitude toward the people who pay her more in a month than she could have earned in a year at home.



V.
While her evenings at home are on a scale of magnificence that she would once have considered royal.



VII.
And this shows a ready and delightful solution of the whole problem: — one that we are all coming to.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

TYRANT;—AND HOW SHE MAY FALL.

THE GREAT WAR OF THE YEAR 2450.

By T. MACAULAY GIBBON.

THE COMMERCIAL supremacy of America was not to remain unchallenged. In the Spring of 2449 the statesmen of Europe, supported by the almost unanimous public opinion of their respective nations, resolved upon a gigantic coalition. International jealousies were set aside and the great republic known as the United States of Europe was formed. It was well understood that, as soon as an opportunity presented itself, the gauntlet would be thrown down to the Americans.

A *casus belli* was not hard to find. By direction of the new government, several cargoes of American pork were rejected by the sanitary inspectors in various European ports. The Americans were indignant at this insult to their pork and demanded an explanation. But, almost immediately, three million pairs of American boots and shoes were excluded from the European markets on the pretence that they would not fit. This exhausted American patience and the Washington government withdrew its ambassador. Europe followed the example, and the great war was on.

Of course, it was to be strictly a commercial war. The old barbaric method of warfare had been formally abolished in 2372. The last warship had been dismantled, the artillery had been sent to the museums, the armies of the world had been disbanded. Victory, henceforth, was to perch upon the banners of those who could sell at the lowest price. The laurel wreath of glory was to deck the brow of the conqueror of markets.

Europe opened the struggle by cabling and mailing to all the American ports countless offers to sell goods at phenomenally low figures. The American government called for volunteers to meet the competition. The whole country seemed to rise as one man. Thousands of merchants offered to sell goods below cost anywhere on the planet. The members of the labor unions patriotically pledged themselves not to strike for shorter hours or higher pay during the continuance of hostilities. A great army of drummers was organized to invade the enemy's country; and, before leaving their native land, they took a solemn oath, amid wild enthusiasm, to be economical in the matter of traveling expenses.

From the very beginning the tide of war was against Europe. The authorities, however, endeavored by every means to keep the people from learning the real state of affairs. Rumors were allowed to circulate that glorious commercial victories had been gained, that large orders had been secured from America, and that the Washington government would soon come to terms. But no particulars could be given; and, at last, the appalling statistics of exports and imports had to be published. The figures spread dismay through Europe. Exports fallen to nothing; imports increased tenfold. Patriotic Europeans hung their heads in shame. Economists had laughed to scorn the idea that such a state of affairs could exist, but American enterprise laughed the economists to scorn. America was selling cosmetics in Paris, sauerkraut in Berlin, spaghetti in Italy, and golfsticks in Scotland. Lowe, Price & Co., of New York, were ready to establish a branch of their great dry goods store in all the large European cities. Europe shuddered. She knew that this meant bargain sales of everything from a needle to a locomotive, even including dry goods.

The European statesmen felt that something must be done to relieve the desperate situation. A protective tariff was suggested, but there was bitter opposition. "What," said the more humane and enlightened European leaders, "return to



DEFENDING HIS WORK.

MRS. ISAACSTEIN.—Do you t'ink you haf caught eggsactly Meester Isaacstein's eggspression?

THE SCULPTOR.—Oh, surely, Madam! Is not dot a fine eggspression?—vun mighd say a plutogratie eggspression!



WHAT WAS REQUIRED.

MR. HOLESAYLE.—I want an office-boy that don't chew, smoke or curse, and is always neat, clean, brave, manly and courteous.

APPLICANT.—Hully Gee! Wot you want is a matinee idol!

that barbaric device of our benighted ancestors? Rather let us acknowledge, like men, that we are beaten!" But, in its extremity, the Old World yielded to the temptation. A protective tariff—discarded for at least two hundred years by every civilized nation—was adopted. But the Americans were equal to the emergency. A new call was issued, and a corps was formed of venerable men, chiefly deacons, elders, and church members, who volunteered to smuggle goods through the European custom houses. Space will not permit us to relate the exploits of these heroes. The story of one daring deed must suffice. Ebenezer Churchpillar, of Squashtown, N. J., presented himself at the Liverpool custom house with two hundred and seventy-five suits of ready-made clothes and solemnly swore that they were all intended for his own use. Ebenezer never moved a muscle, but the custom house authorities fainted in large numbers and the goods entered Liverpool in triumph.

The European government protested against this as being contrary to the laws of war; but America replied, showing, in a statesmanlike document, that the experience of the world has been that smuggling is inevitable under a protective tariff.

Finding all her efforts useless, Europe gave up the struggle. America was magnanimous. She asked no indemnity—merely the privilege of selling goods cheaper than they could be had elsewhere.

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1900

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Paid Policy-holders, during 1900, over	7 Millions
Policies in force, end of 1900, over .	4 Millions

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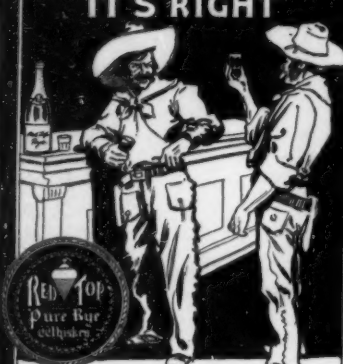


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LIQUOR UP, GENTS! We'll all take **RED TOP RYE**. No. 40 Rod for us. We know Red Top's right. It's a whiskey of taste. It's a whiskey of quality.

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS,
Cincinnati, O. St. Joseph, Mo.
Distillery: Louisville, Ky.

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BALLANTINE BREW
Absolute uniformity and the highest degree of skill in every process from the grain to the bottle.

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Old Burton Ale,
Porter, Brown Stout, Half and Half.**
On Draught or in Bottles.

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134 Cedar St., cor. Washington, New York.

CHEW

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The Original
Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

If your tongue is badly coated and you cannot sleep at night.
If you have a dizzy feeling and you've lost your appetite.
You should hasten to the druggist, go, my friend, do not delay.
Get a box of **Beeman's Tablets**, they will cure you right away.

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That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.



HIS OPINION.

"I told him to back the horse, but he would n't. He has money, but he has no nerve!"
"Yes. Some folks would n't have any money if they had nerve enough to lose it."

With a steady increase in its production for the past 40 years, **Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne** now takes the lead.

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters braces you for the day's duties—composes the nerves and fits you for rest at night. Get the genuine. At druggists.



THERE is a good deal of difference between seeking to have the truth on your side and seeking to be on the side of truth. — *Ram's Horn.*



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OPERA GLASS — FIELD GLASS
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E. B. Meyrowitz
PRICE FROM 35.00 SEE THAT "FLAMMARION" IS ON EACH GLASS
164 EAST 22ND ST. (155 WEST 43RD ST.)
NEW-YORK
OPTICIAN



IT IS believed that the craze for imitating the Prince of Wales may induce some of the New Yorkers to hire Americans jockeys. — *Washington Post.*

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The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

THE electricians promise as many wonderful things as the politicians. — *Atchison Globe.*

SHE.—Have you any knowledge of palmistry?
HE.—Oh, yes!
SHE.—How much?
HE.—About two dollars'-worth, I think I got. — *Yonkers Statesman.*

Vartray Ginger Ale



Gold Medal,

The highest grade beverage made and an American product. In competition against 611 other exhibitors at the Paris Exposition of 1900 it was awarded the

That being the only and highest award given a Ginger Ale.

Made by
THE VARTRAY WATER CO.,
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are preferred by experienced players. Sold by dealers from Greenland to Australia.

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Grand Prix, Paris Exposition, 1900.

No other 25c. card is so durable and satisfactory.

Goddess of Liberty trade-mark ace on every pack.

For Duplicate Whist use Paine's, Kalamazoo, or U. S. Trays.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

Bar Keeper's Friend

lasts. It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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The Extreme of Purity

You who visit the Schlitz brewery marvel first at its cleanliness. No wonder the beer is pure!

Then we show you a plate-glass room where we cool it. The very air of that room has been filtered. You smile at the thought that common air is not pure enough.

Then we show the filter through which all Schlitz beer must go. You wonder what there can be to filter out.

Then we show you how we bottle and seal it; then actually sterilize every bottle. You ask whether that isn't a needless extreme.

No; nothing is needless. Beer can be, and is, brewed without one of those precautions. Pure beer is impossible without all of them.

Brewing—like digestion—turns barley starch into sugar; and a saccharine product is a breeding place for germs. The slightest taint multiplies itself.

That is why we go to extremes.

And we age Schlitz beer, too. It will not ferment on your stomach and cause biliousness, like green beer.



We tell you this, for when you know what we know about it, you will not drink any beer but Schlitz, "The beer that made Milwaukee famous."

J. L. STACK

Buffet Cocktails and Cordials

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over all competitors.

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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50
for a superb box of candy
by express, prepaid east of
Denver or west of New York.
Suitable for presents. Sample
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C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

A CURIO ENTHUSIAST.

"Fosdick is an enthusiastic collector of curiosities," said Perkasio.

"I know," replied Bunting. "A man told him he had the original telegram that Caesar sent to Rome. 'Veni, vidi, vici,' and Fosdick never rested until he had bought it from him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ONE POINT OF DIFFERENCE.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the sympathetic friend; "an attack of grip?"

"No; this is n't grip. I have n't time to stay at home and send for a doctor. This is simply a bad cold."—*Washington Star.*

AT THE CRANK.—Ain't she 'most sharp-eyed, Dad?

WITH THE KNIFE.—Yes, son; an' now you can go down to the field an' rest yourself cuttin' corn with it for a while.—*Indianapolis News.*

The high-ball-bearing jag naturally gives its victim a swift time.—*Washington Post.*

The Improved
BOSTON GARTER
The Standard
for Gentlemen
ALWAYS EASY
The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.
The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP
Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sample pair, Silk 50c. Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.
GEO. FROST CO., Makers
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EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

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CAUTION—Don't accept a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap on which the dealer makes a little more profit. You will not only get an inferior soap, but probably also a smaller cake, as you will see if you compare it with Williams' Soap.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.
WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25c. LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25c.
GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP, 10c. SWISS VIOLET SHAVING CREAM, 50c.
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers') 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for toilet.

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Perfection
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Established 1836.

"Darling," exclaimed the boa constrictor who had escaped from the Zoo and returned to his native jungle. "You serpent," hissed his wife. "You snake charmer," he replied. "Avaunt," coldly rejoined the wife of his bosom. "I've read all about you in the papers. The idea of one of your age being charmed by a giddy girl with blue eyes and fluffy hair!"—*Indianapolis News.*

"Don't nebbler call a man a fool," said Uncle Eben. "Tain' good manners, an', besides, if you's tryin' to argue wif 'im, you loses his respect for you opinions right den an' forebber."—*Washington Star.*

EVERY man has a show in life, but few of them find it a circus.—*Star of Hope.*

THE indiscriminate lash will drive ten devils into the boy for one it drives out.—*Ram's Horn.*

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Use the Great English Remedy
BLAIR'S PILLS
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Sole Makers, - - Rheims, N. Y.

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quarrel over religion and medicine.—*Atchison Globe.*

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"What Fashionable Men Will Wear Spring and Summer 1901"



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MANIFESTLY.

We have it from two leading fox-hunters that it's a
foolish thing to swap horses whilst crossing a stream.

MARK HANNA is accused of writing poetry.
Some people don't seem to know that the cam-
paign is over.—*Washington Post.*

People of impoverished blood fall an easy prey to
the rigors of winter. Restore your vitality by the
use of *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters.*



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delicate fla-
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make a highball,
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"CANADIAN
CLUB" in any
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grateful to the ap-
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THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

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Outstanding Assurance, Dec. 31st, 1900....	\$1,116,875,047.00
New Assurance Issued in 1900.....	207,086,243.00
Income in 1900.....	58,007,130.98
Assets December 31, 1900.....	304,598,063.49
Assurance Fund and all other Liabilities...	238,460,893.48
Surplus.....	66,137,170.01
Paid Policyholders in 1900.....	25,965,999.30

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WHISKEY,
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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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The people stare and congregate
Too startled to applaud.
Here's one defeated candidate
Who does n't holler fraud!
—Washington Star.

The Equitable's Statement.

We note with considerable satisfaction the large increases in the important items of the Equitable's statement, and the no less important decrease in the expense account. The total payments to policy-holders during the year were \$25,965,999.30, of which \$3,481,640.65 were dividends and \$19,899,999.90 death claims and endowments. During the forty-one years of its history the Society has paid to its policy-holders \$349,156,729.71, and accumulated for their protection a total of \$304,598,063.49, making the gross benefits to their policy-holders \$653,754,793.20. This record is unsurpassed by the achievement of any other company during a similar period of its history. The surplus of \$66,137,170.01 is still greater than that held by any other company, and the Equitable's financial strength surpasses that of all its competitors.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"To our grand patron, called Good-fellowship, Whose livery all our people hereabout Are clad in."

A pure rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

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A MAN may be in love with his wife, but it is a kind of love that no longer worries him. — *Atchison Globe*.

BEFORE some men cast their bread upon the waters, they want to be sure that the tide is coming towards them. — *Star of Hope*.

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Between 16th and 17th Streets, New York.

FIDELITY to old truths demands hospitality to new ones. — *Ram's Horn*.

"STRONG" face, applied to a man, means the same as "sweet" face when applied to a woman: an absence of good looks. — *Atchison Globe*.



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A PARADOX.

SHE (angrily).—How dare you, sir!
HE (after stealing kiss).—But I could n't help myself.
SHE.—Don't add falsehood to your crime! You did help yourself!



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Successfully Taught by Mail. Requires only a few minutes a day, before retiring, with no apparatus. Your individual condition carefully considered, and mild, medium or vigorous exercise prescribed exactly as your particular requirements and mode of living demand. Intelligent exercise will cure most of the ills to which the flesh is heir. Does not overtax the heart. Both nerve and all ages—from 15 to 65—are alike benefited. MR. FREDERICK W. STONE, Director of Athletics of the Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture, has been Director of Athletics of Columbia College, The Knickerbocker Athletic Association, and is at present with the Chicago Athletic Association. Illustrated Booklet, testimonials and measurement blank sent FREE.
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We can not see how a barber has the nerve to pour water on a bald-headed man's head and act as if he were combing him. — *Washington Democrat*.

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The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

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WEST HAVEN, CONN.

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Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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Mercerized Ducks, Printed Dimities,
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Dotted Swiss, Printed Linen Lawns,
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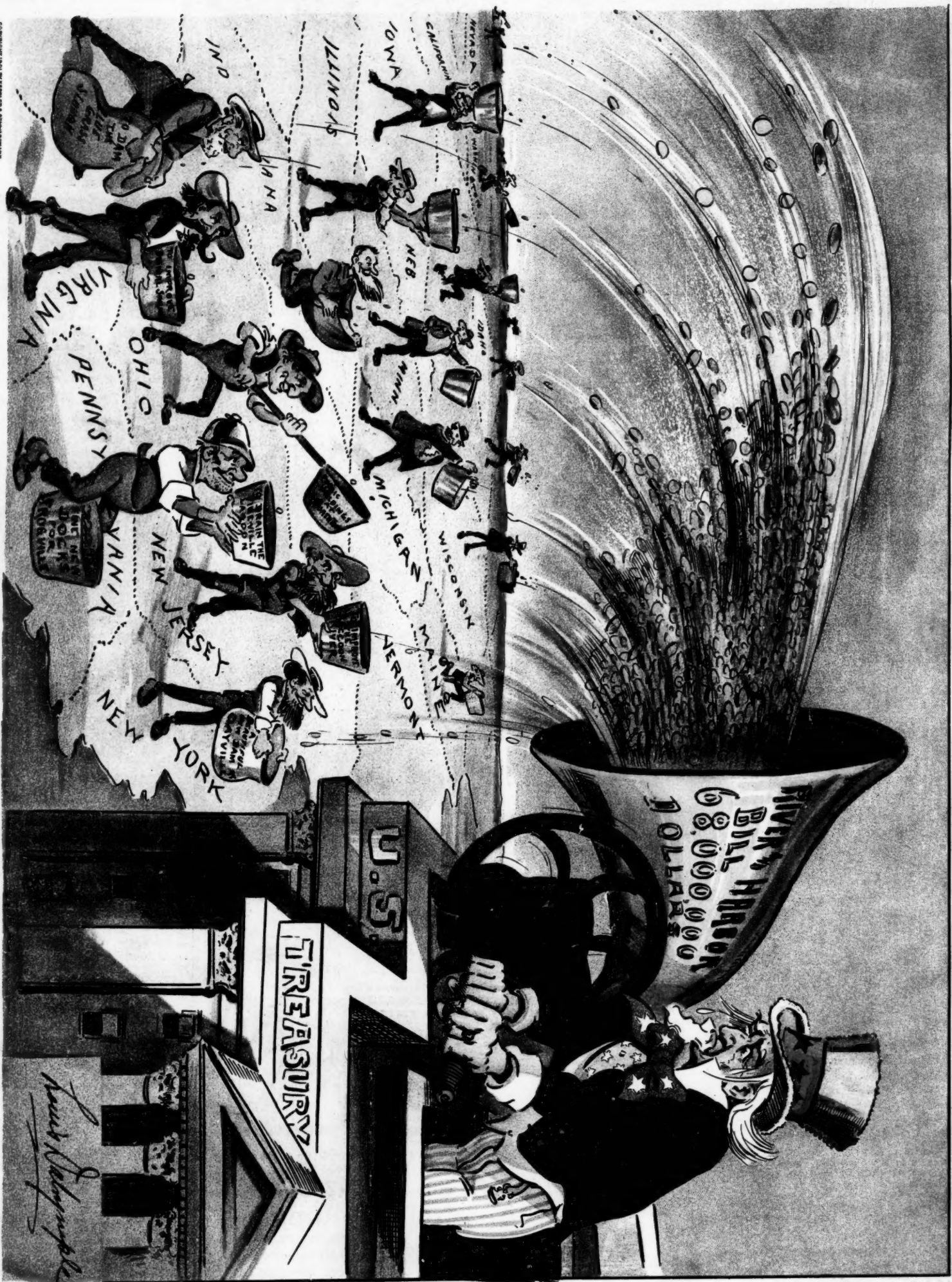
Paris Exposition Jury awards Gold Medal to Vartray Ginger Ale — 611 other Exhibitors.

It is of more than ordinary credit to the United States at large that the Vartray Water Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., has taken the prize for superior excellence of ginger ale away from Belfast, Ire., which place heretofore has been credited with manufacturing the best article in that line. Belfast must now take a minor place, and an American product has been proven better than the imported. The jury of award at the Paris Exposition of 1900 has decided that Vartray Ginger Ale, made by the Vartray Water Co., was the best ginger ale exhibited for competition, and awarded it the gold medal, this being the only and highest award. The competition was open to the world, and there were 611 exhibitors, including the manufacturers of Belfast, Ire.

MRS. N. PECK.—I made you what you are, William.

W. N. PECK.—Well, I'll forgive you. Now, don't worry any more, dear!
—*Norristown Herald*.

PUCK.



THE BIENNIAL SHOWER.

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J. S. S.